The Famous HISTORY or Ballad of the Battles fought in Floddon-Field, &c.

Taken from an antient Manuscript, which was transcrib'd by Mr. RICHARD GUY, late School-Master in Ingleton, Yorkshire.

PART II. *To a pleasant Tune.*

The Third Fight.

1 Was thus the *King*'s express *Command*, I
To waste with cruel *Sword* and *Flame*;
A Field of Blood he made the Land,
Till he to *Norham* Castle came.—
Which soon with Siege he did beset, 2
And Trenches digg'd without Delay;
With Bombard Shot, the Walls he beat,
And to assault it did essay.
The Captain great, with Courage stout, 3
The Fortress fiercely did defend;
For a while he lashed out,
Till he his Ordinance did spend.

His Powder did profuſely waſte,
His Arrows hal'd out every Hour;
So that he wanted at the laſt,
And at the laſt had none to pour.
But yet five Days he did defend,
Tho' with Aſſaults they him aſſail'd;
And all their total Strength extend:
But all their Power had not prevail'd,
Was it not for a traiterous Thief,
Who came King *James*'s Face before,
That in that Hold had got Relief,
The Space of Thirty Years and more
I ſay, *Quoth he*, King *James*, my Liege,
Your brave Aſſaults are all in vain:
Long may you hold a tedious Siege,
Yet all this while can get no Gain.
But what reward ſhall I receive,
Quoth he, expreſs, and ſpeak anon,
And I ſhall let you plain perceive,
How that this Caſtle may be won?
If that to paſs thou bring this can,
The King did ſay where he did ſtand,
I ſhall make you a Gentlman,
And Livings give thee in our Land.
O King, *Quoth he*, then quit this Place,
And down to yonder Vallies draw
The Walls ſo ſhall you rent and raze
Your Batteries will bring them low.

Which, as he ſaid, ſo did the King, 11
Againſt the Walls his Ord'nance bent;
It was a wretched diſmal thing,
To ſee how ſoon the Walls were rent.
Which made the Captain ſore afraid, 12
Beholding how the Walls they reel'd,
His Weapons all then down he laid,
And to King *James* did humbly yield.
The *Scots* ſtraitway did pour in, 13
And plied apace unto their Prey:
Look what was worth one Point or Pin,
You need not bid them take away.
So when the *Scots* the Walls had won, 14
And rifled every Nook and Place,
The Traytor came to th' King anon,
But for Reward met with Diſgrace:
The King then aſk'd him by and by, 15
Where he was born, and in what Town?
A *Scots* Man, Sir, he did reply,
Such Anſwer gave the treacherous Loon.
The King then aſk'd him meek and mild, 16
For how long Time he lodged there?
Even, *Quoth he*, ſince but a Child,
A good deal more than that thirty Year.
Why, *quo' the King*, haſt thou ſo *wrought* 17
Unto thy Friends this frantick Rage,
Who in this Caſtle thee up brought,
And always gave thee Meat and Wage?

But ſince thy Heart is falſify'd,
To them who gave thee Meat and F
It is a Token to be try'd,
Thou never can'ſt prove true to m
Therefore for this thy traiterous Trick,
Thou ſhalt be tyed in a Trace;
Hangman, therefore, *quoth he*, be quick,
The Groom ſhall have no better Place
What he did ſay, forthwith was *wrought*,
The Traytor had his juſt Deſert;
Altho' the King himſelf was naught,
And prov'd deceitful in the Heart
By this Time came the flying Poſts,
Which made the Earl to underſtand
How that the King of *Scotland*'s Hoſt
Already entred had the Land.
Which, when the Earl of *Surrey* knew,
It was but vain to bid him haſte;
He ſent to all his Friends moſt true,
That they their Men ſhould muſter faſt
And ſhortly ſent to every Shire,
That on *September* the firſt Day,
Each Gentleman, Lord, Knight and Squi
Should to *Newcaſtle* take their W
Then with five hundred Soldiers ſtout
Himſelf appearing in Renown,
He never ſtay'd to reſt his Foot,
Until he came to *Durham* Town

There he devoutly did hear Prayers,
And worſhipp'd God his Maker dear,
Who baniſh'd from him Cares and Fears,
St. *Cuthbert*'s Banner he did bear.

Then ſtrait he to *Newcaſtle* came,
Of *Auguſt*, on the Thirtieth Day,
There many a Nobleman of Fame,
To him repair'd without Delay.

There valiant *Dacres* him did meet,
And brought with him a noble Band,
Of Warlike Men, right well compleat,
From *Weſtmoreland* and *Cumberland*.

Sir *Marmaduke Conſtable* ſtout,
Attended with his lovely Sons;
Sir *William Bulmer*, with his Rout;
Lord *Clifford*, with his clapping Guns.

Then from *Newcaſtle* ſoon he went,
And took his Way to *Anwick* Town,
That weary Men, with Travel ſpent,
And Weather-beaten, might have Room.

Then might you ſee on every Side,
The Ways all fill'd with Men of War;
With ſhining Streamers, waving wide,
And Helmets glittering from afar.

From *Lancaſhire* and *Cheſhire* too,
To *Stanly* came a Noble Train,
To *Hornby*, from whence he withdrew,
And forward ſet with all his Main.

What Banners brave before him blaz'd,
The People mus'd where he did paſs:
Poor Huſbandmen were much amaz'd;
And Women, wond'ring, cry'd, *Alas*!
Young Wives did weep with woful Chear,
To ſee their Friends in Harneſs dreſt:
Some rent their *Cloaths*, ſome tore their *Hair*,
Some held their Babes unto their Breaſt.
But who can plain expreſs with Pen,
What Pray'rs were ſaid on hallow'd Stone!
What Tears came from religious Men,
What ſacred Service too was done!
That *Stanley* might come ſafe away,
And Victor valiantly return;
The Bells did ſound a Night and Day,
And holy Fires bright did burn.
Men with grey Beards, drew to their Beds,
And faſt their Prayers they poured out;
Old Wives for Woe did wag their Heads,
And Saints were ſought on naked Foot.
But *Stanley* over *Stainmore* Strait
Did paſs; and reſting there, did view
A Banner brave, borne up on high,
Where under went a warlike Crew.
What luſty Troop is yon I ſee?
Sir *Edward Stanley* did enquire.
A Yeoman ſaid, It is, I ſee,
Bryan Tunſtall, that bold Eſquire.

For

For in his Banner I behold
A curling Cock as tho' he'd crow:
He brings with him his Tenants bold,
A hundred Men at leaſt I know.
Then *Stanley* ſaid, as there he ſtood,
Would Chriſt he would but take our Part,
His *clean* and *undefiled* Blood,
Good Speed doth promiſe at my Heart.
Blaze out therefore, I bid you ſoon,
The Earl of *Darby*'s Banner brave:
By Chance with us he will be one,
When it in Sight he ſhall perceive.
But *Tunſtall* took no Heed that Time,
Without ſaluting forth he paſt,
Upon the valiant *Howard*'s Side,
His faithful Heart he fixed faſt.
And then again, ſaid *Stanley* brave,
O valiant Lads, draw up your Hearts:
Be not amaz'd, look not ſo grave,
Tho' *Tunaſtall* will not take our Parts.
But forward ſet, without Delay,
Unto the *Howards* let's make Haſte.
And ſo, tho' wearied, kept their Way,
'Till they to *Anwick* came at laſt.
Whoſe Coming greatly did rejoice
The Earl, and all his Company:
None but the Eagle bear the Voice,
With wrapping Wings, as he would fly.

There

There did the Army much increaſe, 46
Altho' there was the moſt Extreams;
For Rain down raſhing ne'er did ceaſe,
'Till bubling Brooks burſt mighty Streams.
Such bluſt'ring Winds beſides there were, 47
That Day and Night the *Air* did ſound;
Which put the Earl in fear, that leſt
His Son *Lord Admiral* ſhould be drown'd.
Who, at his Parting, promis'd Plight, 48
Unto his Father, if alive,
At *Newcaſtle*, with all his Might,
For his Aſſiſtance, ſhould arrive.
Which Promiſe he did fully keep, 49
Such kindly Friendſhip *Neptune* ſhow'd,
As to conduct him o'er the Deep,
And his Deſires juſt beſtow'd.
Then Soldiers ſoon he ſet on Land, 50
And to his Father faſt he hy'd;
Such warlike Wights in worthy Band,
Two thouſand Men in Arms well try'd.
With Captains moſt couragious keen, 51
At *Anwick* they arriv'd at laſt;
Whom, when the Earl's Army had ſeen,
With ſudden Fear they were agaſt.
For ſeeing their Armour black as Ink, 52
Some ſaid it was ſome *Scottiſh* Band;
And divers did eſteem and think,
They were ſome Force from Foreign Land.

Some

Some took their Harneſs, ſome their Horſe
And forward haſted as to fight:
But when they ſaw St. *George*'s Croſs,
And *Engliſh* Arms borne up on Heigh
Some ſaid it was a jolly Crew,
The King had ſent from *France* that Tide
The Southern Men the Truth ſoon knew
And loud, Lord Admiral! they cry
Who, when the Earl of *Surrey* ſaw,
He thanked God with Heart ſo mild
And Hands for Joy to Heaven did throw
His Son was ſav'd from Waters wild
A merry Meeting there was ſeen,
For firſt they kiſt, and then embraced
For Joy the Tears fell from their Eyne
All forepaſt Fears were then defaced
Then caus'd the Earl each Captain count
Under their Wings what Soldiers vie
Which done, the Number did but mount
To Six and twenty thouſand there
Then the Earl call'd a Council ſoon
Of prudent Lords and Captains wiſe
And how the Battle might be done
He bid them ſhew their beſt Device
Some ſaid too ſmall their Number were
To atchieve ſo great an Enterprize
Some councell'd Poſts back for to return
For Aid, and cauſe the Countrie ſ—

And from the South the Queen ſome ſaid,
A Band of Soldiers ſoon would ſend ;
And will'd to ſtay, for while they ſtay'd,
Their Powers daily might amend.
Some ſaid the *Scots* ſtraitway would fly,
And Powers daily would diminiſh ;
Wherefore to ſtay was their Counſel,
And thus the Earl they did admoniſh.
Then did the Admiral ſtart in Ire,
And ſtamping ſtood with Stomach hot :
Why, Sir, ſaid he, there to his Sire,
Hath Cowardice lent you his Coat ?
Yet ne'er King *Henry* hear, for Shame,
That you ſhould play this daſtard Part ;
Nor ever blown by Trump of Fame,
That you did bear a Coward's Heart.
Hath not King *Henry* left you here
His Governour to rule the Land ;
Not doubting but, without all Fear,
The treacherous *Scots* you would with-
Think of your Father, tho' his Chance,
Was to fall at *Boſworth* Field ;
Tho' he his Life, by *Stanley*'s Lance ;
With honourable Wounds did yeild.
Would God that *Edward*, Brother dear,
Was here alive this preſent Day ;
Our Foes could make him fear,
Nor in a Camp, like Coward ſtay.

What Royal Fame, what high Renown,
Hath he left to his Line and Race?
What ample Glory would him crown,
If Life had laſted longer Space?
The Seas he did both ſcour and ſweep,
Not Pyrate durſt appear in Sight;
Ev'n Pyrate *John*, for all his Power,
That great renowned *Lodian* Knight
How oft the Royal Fleet of *France*,
In Conflicts fierce by him was griev'd
If he had ſcap'd that fatal Chance,
He glorious Acts might have atchiev'
No Multitudes made him diſmay'd,
Nor Numbers great his Stomach 'ſwag
Great Shame then would on us be laid,
And to our Offipring in each Age.
Your Father s Fame would ſoon be loſt,
And all his worthy Acts no more;
Your Honour, like a flitting Ghoſt,
Nor yet your Sons, could e'er reſtor
If here ye loitering lie like Loons,
And do not fight the *Scots* again
For don't you hear how *Engliſh* Towns
Are burnt, while ſuckling Babes are ſla
They daily pilfer every Place,
And ſpoil the People all about:
Wherefore let's ſtay no longer Space,
But now ſtep forth with Stomachs ſt

The Fourth Fight.

THE Earl of *Surrey* then reply'd,
And to his warlike Son did say,
Baſhfulneſs doth make me 'bide,
Nor Stomach faint doth make me ſtay.
e Cauſe is for no Cowardize, 2
o long Time here to make Delay ;
yet I fear this Enterprize,
Will prove no Childiſh Sport or Play.
Counſel then muſt be imbrac'd, 3
hen let us careful think upon,
ch way our Cards to count and caſt,
or great's the Buſineſs to be done.
hardy or good Hap doth hazaad, 4
nd over-bold oft is not beſt ;
that I've prov'd by my Son *Edward*,
ho ever was too bold of Breaſt..
ad been a living Man this Day, 5
he with Counſel wiſe had wrought ;
he was drown'd in *Bathrumb*'s Bay,
Raſhneſs to this End him brought.
ather at King *Richard*'s Field, 6
great *Stanley*'s Lance lay ſlain ;
did there a Captive yield ;
Manhood great got us this Gain.

e might have ſcap'd that ſcurvy Da[illegible] 7
If Warning could our Wits have beat;
Friend of our's, to cauſe us ſtay,
Upon my Father's Gate had ſet
certain Scroll, whoſe Scripture ſaid, 8
JACK *of* NORFOLK, *be not too bold.*
id underneath in Verſe was laid,
Dick *and thy Maſter is bought and ſold.*
y Father fighting fierce was ſlain, 9
King *Richard* loſt both Life and Crown.
ich goodly Guerdon oft they gain,
Who raſhly run to get Renown.
or ſee the Duke of *York* was brought 10
At *Wakefield*, to his fatal Fall;
ho might have 'ſcap'd, if he had wrought
The Counſel wiſe of *David Hall.*
d of Conquerors and Kings, 11
or lack of Counſel caſt away:
w ſince at Hand ſuch Danger ſprings,
Our Council we had need to ſay.
s not I am fright with Fear, 12
Nor for my ſelf ſuch Thought I take;
for young Babes and Infants dear,
Which Fathers ſore I fear will lack.
ortunes fall thro' Fights doubtleſs, 13
r Widows plenty ſhall be left;
many a Servant maſterleſs,
nd Mothers of their Sons bereft.

This is the Cauſe I Counſel crave,
The only Cauſe I caſt ſuch Doubts
I had rather one *Engliſh* Soldier ſave,
Than for to kill a thouſand *Scots*.
I can no kind of Compaſs caſt,
But many a Life there muſt be loſt
And many a tall Man Death muſt taſt
The *Scotch* are ſuch a mighty Hoſt.
The PRINCE himſelf is there preſent,
With all his Peers prepar'd for War
With Barons, Knights and Commons be
A hundred thouſand Men they are.
Put Caſe our total *Engliſh* Power,
Were ready dreſt and made in Meat
At two Meals they would us devour
The *Scottiſh* Army is ſo great.
Therefore let each Man's Mind b' expre
How that the *Scots* we may convinc
And how to paſs this Peril beſt,
And ſave the Honour of our Prince
Then ſpake Sir *Edward Stanley* ſtout,
And fierce on the Earl he fixt his Eye
What need have we thus for to doubt
And be afraid of Foes unſeen?
Shall we, by loitering on this manner,
Thus ſtill permit the Scots *to reſt?*
Fye, let them ſee an Engliſh *Banner,*
And view our Soldiers ſeemly dreſt.

What though our Foes be Five to One: 21
For that let not our Stomachs fail.
God gives the Stroke, when all is done,
If it pleaſe Him, we ſhall prevail.
If antient Books we do peruſe, 22
Set forth by famous Clerks of old,
Which both of Chriſtians, Pagans, Jews,
Do plain deſcribe the Battles bold:
There may we certain ſee in Sight, 23
Many a mighty Prince and King,
With populous Armies, put to Flight,
And vanquiſh'd by a little Wing.
With hundreds three Judge Gideon, 24
The Midian *Hoſt o'ercame in Fight;*
And Jonathan, Saul's *valiant Son,*
The fierce Philiſtines *put to Flight.*
So Judas Machabees, *the Man* 25
Of foremoſt Fame among all Knights,
Who can deſcribe what Fields he wan,
With Handfulls ſmall of war like Wights?
The mighty Macedonian *Prince,* 26
With Puiſſance ſmall and Power,
King Darius *Hoſt did all convince,*
Who were for One in Number Four.
The great renowned Roman *Peers,* 27
Their glorious Praiſe can never blin;
Nor Fame, that daily fills Mens Ears,
Through Numbers great, did never win

For TITUS LIVY doth proteſt,
The leſs their Power, the more their Gain
When they were moſt, they wan the leaſt
The greater Preſs, more People ſlain.
Example at Camb's fierce Conflict,
So many Nobles there were ſlain,
That Buſhels three they did collect
Of Rings, from dead Mens Fingers drawn
Where Scipio, with Numbers ſmall
Of warlike Wights of luſty Blood,
In Field to Flight put Haniball,
And burnt with Fire Carthage proud.
What further need I for to ſeek,
Of Chriſtian Kings their manful Acts;
Since Records of the ſame ſtill ſpeak,
Of * Henry, with his famous Facts.
All Europe yet afreſh doth ſound,
Of his high Proweſs will report.
What Standards ſtout brought he to Ground
With Numbers ſmall, at Agincourt!
All France yet trembleth to hear talk,
By Death what Nobles took their Flight
Two thouſand, beſides vulgar Folk,
Simpleſt of whom was 'Squire or Knight.
He never ſtint from War and Strife,
'Till th' Heir of France he was proclaim'd
If Fate had lent him longer Life,
With Engliſh Laws all France had fram'd

Of Bedford *too, his Brother* John,
The Dolphin beat with a ſmall Band;
Lord Talbot *with his Name alone*
To tremble forc'd all the French *Land.* 35

The Earl of Richmond, *with ſmall Power,*
Of England, *wan both Realm and Crown,*
At Boſworth, *where the Bragging* Boar,
With all his Hoſt, were overthrown. 36

Though the Scottiſh *Hoſt be great,*
Let us not ſtint, but them withſtand;
In Battle bold we ſhall them beat,
For God will help us with his Hand. 37

But if in Fighting we are ſlain,
And in the Battle brought to Ground;
Perpetual Praiſe we then ſhall gain,
Men will our Fame for Ages ſound. 38

The Memory of our great Manhood,
Mongſt Engliſh *Men ſhall ever laſt;*
And then for Vengeance of our Blood,
King Henry *home from* France *will haſte.* 39

Our Kinsfolks and our Couſins free,
And wreak our Deaths with doleful Dint;
Till Time that they revenged be,
From ſturdy Stroaks they will not ſtint. 40

Our Ghoſts ſhall go to God on high,
Though Bodies vile to Death be dight;
A better Caſe we cannot die,
Than fighting for our Country's Right. 41

Put Caſe the Lot light contrary,
As firm my Faith is fix'd it ſhall ;
And that, to gain the Victory,
Good Fortune on our Sidē ſhall fall.
And then to give our foes the foil,
What worthy Praiſes ſhall we win ?
What mighty Prey, what plenteous Spoil,
What Priſoners of Princely Kin ?
The Prince is there himſelf, King James,
With Prelates paſſing rich in Pride ;
Fifty great Lords there are of Name,
With Barons, Knights and Squires beſi
Whoſe Tents, if ſtanding they be found,
When Fight is done, I do not fear,
But for their entering Engliſh *Ground,*
Their Charges they ſhall pay full dear
Such fate ſhall fall to them, I truſt,
As to their Elders has before,
Who dar'd into our Borders burſt,
When they were beat in Battle ſore.
Their mighty Mars, *King* Malchomy,
Did valiantly this Land invade ;
At Tinmoth *he was forc'd to fly,*
And ſlain was by an Engliſh *Blade.*
King David *unto* Durham *came,*
Who with the Scots *in pitched Field,*
For all their Pride, yet left the Game,
King David *there did Captive yield.*

What ſhall I further Mention make. 49
Of Henry *the Fourth, how in his Days,*
The Earl of Morrey *and Lord* Mordake,
Angous *and* Douglaſs, *prickt with Praiſe,*
Did enter in Northumberland, 50
And murthered without Mercy,
Were they not beat by a ſmall Band
In Battle by Sir Henry Piercy?
The Story ſaith, who liſt to look, 51
Ten Thouſand Scots *in Field were ſlain,*
And through the valiant Pearcy's *Stroke,*
All the Earls Captives did remain.
Such Luck I truſt to our Foes will light, 52
And all that Wars do raiſe in wrong;
Wherefore againſt them let us fight,
It's Shame we loiter here ſo long.
If any ſeem abas'd to be, 53
That we in Battle ſhall be beat,
Cheſhire *and* Lancaſhire *with me,*
Shall give the Scots *the firſt Onſet.*
When this was ſaid, then *Stanley* ſtout, 54
All ſilent down did ſit in Place;
The Eyes of all the Lords about,
Were fix'd upon his valiant Face.
His Wiſdom great, all wonder'd at, 55
And all his manful Proffer prais'd;
All they that would have lingred late,
Their Courage keen was now uprais'd.

Now

Now they that lately would have ſtaid, 56
With foremoſt cry'd, *Forth to the Field*.
With one Voice all the Earl they pray'd,
That *Stanley* might the Vanguard whield.
But on that Side the Earl of *Surrey* 57
Was deaf, for why he would not hear;
For being mov'd with *Stanley*'s Glory,
His Rancour old it did appear.
Quoth he, The King's Place I ſupply, 58
At Pleaſure mine each thing ſhall bide.
Then on each Captain he did cry,
In Preſence to appear that Tide.
That done, ſtraitway he did ordain 59
His Battle brief on this ſame Sort;
Whoſe Order and Array right plain,
With Pen I ſhall make true Report.
For when *Stanley* with Stomach ſtout 60
Did valiantly the Vanguard crave,
The Earl of *Surrey* ſore did doubt,
That too much Honour he ſhould have:
If Fortune good fell on his Part, 61
And valiant Victor did return;
Gainſt *Stanley*'s Blood, ſuch hateful Heart,
In the Earl's Breaſt did boiling burn.
Wherefore in forward, firſt of all, 62
Chief Captain conſtituted he
His loving Son Lord Admiral,
With Soldiers, ſuch as came from Sea.

Whom valiant Lords accompany'd, 63
With Barons bold, and hardy Knights;
Lord *Ogle* one, of Courage try'd,
Who lead a Band of warlike Wights.
In order, next the Admiral, 64
The luſty Knight, Lord *Clifford*, went;
Who was conceal'd in Shepherd's Coat,
'Till twice 12 Years were gone and ſpent.
For when his Father at *Wakefield*, 65
The Duke of *York* and his Son had ſlain;
He by a Friend was thus conceal'd,
'Till *Richmond*'s Earl began his Reign.
And him reſtor'd to all his Right, 66
Seating him in his Father's Land
Or elſe to Death he had been dight,
While th'Houſe of *York* had the up'hand.
Now like a Captain bold he brought 67
A Band of luſty Lads elect,
Whoſe curious *Coats*, moſt cunning *wrought*,
With dreadful Dragons were bedeckt.
From *Pennigent* to *Pendlehill*, 68
From *Linton* to *Long-Addingham*,
And all that *Craven* Coaſts did till,
They with the lofty *Clifford* came.
All *Staincliff* Hundred went with him, 69
With Striplings ſtrong from *Worledale*;
And all that *Haughton* Hills did climb,
With *Langſtroth* too, and *Littondale*.

Whoſe Milk-fed Fellows, fleſhly bred,
Were fit the ſtrongeſt Bows to bend;
All ſuch as *Horton* Fells had fed,
On *Clifford*'s Banner did attend.

Lord *Lomley* next, and *Latimer*,
Were equal match'd with all their Power,
With whom was next their Neighbour near,
Lord *Comis* ſtout, and ſtiff in Stour.

With many a Gentleman and 'Squire,
From *Ripon*, *Ripley*, and *Rydale*;
With them march'd forth all *Maſſamſhire*,
With *Noiſterfield* and *Netherdale*.

With Tillmen tough, in Harneſs Store,
Whe turn'd the Furrows of *Mittan Field*.
With Billmen bold from *Blackamoore*,
Moſt warlike Wights, theſe *Lords* did wield.

Next them was plac'd with all his Power,
Lord *Scroope* of *Upſall*, aged Knight;
Sir *Stephen Bull*, with all his Power,
Was match'd next him with all his *Might*.

Sir *Walter Ariſith*, ſage and grave,
Was with Sir *Henry Sherbourn* bent;
And under *Bulmer*'s Banner brave,
Th' whole Biſhoprick of *Durham* went.

The *Third Part* it will more unfold
The glorious Train of Heroes bright;
Such as may pleaſe the Sage and Old,
And yield to Children ſweet Delight.

The End of the Second Part.